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The Author.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a BABY

TOLD TO

THOMAS LINDSLEY BRADFORD, M. D.

New Revised and Enlarged Edition

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"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Reason for the Story

THE new baby was sick, he was throwing up, he had a fever, and he made up his little apple face into curious puckers. The newly married children to whom that baby belonged were very much frightened, because this was a unique child—the only one of his kind.

"Oh, John, do run for the doctor, QUICK, and tell him baby's awful sick, and be sure you tell him to come just as soon as he can!"

The doctor soon reached the house and quieted the maternal fears.

"Um, yes, how long has he been sick? Is he nursing? Not enough

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milk? That's a pity. What do you feed him on? Cow's milk? And he throws it up in big lumps, does he? Sour? Well, well, I fancy it is. Does not sleep well, has colic. What is that? Afraid he'll die? Die, yes he'll no doubt die about seventy years from now. But he won't die of this illness.

"And now you must let me tell you how to care for the baby, how to keep your pretty little son and heir healthy and full of laughter, and as good as a sister of charity.

"Half the babies are made sick by the ill-advised kindness of fond and foolish mothers and grandmothers. From the time when baby first opens his eyes in a cold and selfish world he is allowed no rest.

"He is most thoroughly chilled in the time honored ceremonial of

the first washing; his poor little delicate skin is scrubbed; his eyes are clawed at by rough fingers; his skin takes on a blue tinge; he shivers and cries, and takes cold; and the way is prepared for future colic, snuffles, and catarrh on the breast.

"Then he is swathed, bundled and tied up so that he can not kick his legs around as nature intended. Then some atrocious compound, doubtless invented by the original Mother Goose is forced down his unaccustomed throat. Then he is laid away, like a package of old rags, in the suffocating air of a close bed.

"After he has first lain upon his mother's breast, after the divine Beatitude has come to mother and child, comes the same old story: 'I know you do not have milk enough for that child, why don't you feed

him, that's what he wants.'

"Then cow's milk, so-called, is placed in an awkward bottle and the child is coaxed to fill itself to repletion, through a long and usually unclean rubber hose. Then when the poor stomach distends, and still distends, that unfortunate infant cries loud and long. He has found out that he has a stomach. And then the old ladies with wiseacre nods declare 'I told you so, that child don't get enough to eat, that child is starving, why don't you nurse it?'"

"The marvel to me is that babies do not all die when they are treated in this way."

Now the mother of the unique baby was a very sensible woman, and the doctor's whole heart was devoted to the welfare of babies,

and so they hunted up a very precocious child and got him to tell the story of the first four years of his little life.

And this story of the baby told by himself may it is hoped point a moral for the better care of other babies.

The Baby's Story

He Wakes up in the World

THE first thing I ever saw in this world was a pair of glasses, or specs, as some folks call them. At the time I did not know what they were, dear me, no, I was very dull at that time, I do not think I knew anything. But I know all about it now. I, the boy who is about to tell you his story, have learned many things in the four long years since the Stork brought me. I know that I was sitting in the lap of a nice old lady, they called her grandma, and was looking up into some shiney things that almost blinded me. The next thing I remember

He Gets Greased

was that I was very cold. No wonder, I was of course naked and had not been long enough in the world to get used to the climate. Dear me, how badly I felt when the old lady began to rub me from head to foot with some nasty smelling stuff that I afterwards found out was called hog's lard, and that it was stewed out of the fat of the dirtiest animal in creation. After I was greased she covered me with a thick smother of soap. She rubbed this into my skin in a very unfeeling manner without regard to eyes, ears or nose. It hurt me. I was then rinsed with water. I did not enjoy my first bath. How my skin did smart as the energetic nurse dug out the corners of my eyes and, gouged into the crevices of my delicate ears, and filled my sensitive

nostrils with soap and water! I think I was rather mad at the liberties she took with my person, and before long the cold and the rubbing were too much for me and I just roared. I never cry unless something hurts me; I do not think any baby does. I wish mothers would understand that and not call it crossness. I have often thought since that first occasion that if nurses only realized how they hurt us little new babies they would be more gentle. Besides, there is something due to our natural dignity as future citizens of the great United States, and to certain feelings of modesty with which we have been born possessed.

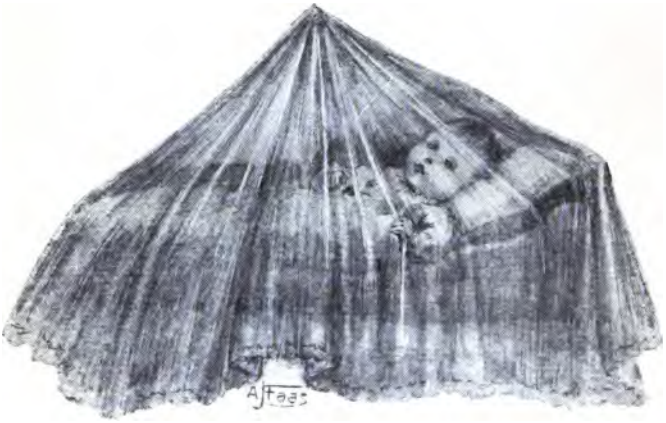
Dignity to be Respected

Let me tell you, dear nurses and doctors and mothers, my idea of the first bath. Wrap your baby warmly

from the first in a soft smooth blanket and do not let the light of lamp or gas, or the glare from a fire reach the sensitive eyes. I know a baby who was made blind because, just after it was born, the nurse held it to the gaslight to see how bright its eyes were.

He Takes a Bath

Be sure that the room is real warm and be gentle with the baby. Do not rub it with the unclean and salty hog-lard. Half the skin diseases we babies suffer from come from that first greasing with lard and salt. No, take olive oil and rub it gently over the little body, UNDER THE BLANKET; gently wash one part of the body and dry it with a soft cloth. We babies like this and being covered do not get shivery. Then when we are dressed we feel good. I can not forget how I was



"I ate and slept."

first treated. Greased roughly from head to foot, lathered with soap as the barber rubs it on a man's chin, deluged with water that was not warm enough, then rubbed as though I was taking a Turkish bath. How blue I got! How I shivered! How I did cry! How my gums chattered! Then and there the foundation was laid for a cold that lasted many a week.

How He Was Dressed

AFTER I had thus been abused the nurse took a long narrow strip of flannel and she laid me on it and rudely turned me over and over and over until I was tied in a sort of straight jacket, and my little BODOMEN (I think that is what the doctor calls it) was bound up so tightly that I could hardly breathe. Maybe they bandaged me to prevent

me from returning to heaven from whence I had but just come. I should not have escaped had I been more loosely fettered. I was in love with my mother. Dear, dear, that belly-band, what a misery it was to me! It was drawn tight and pinned to me. But that band is one of the sacred rites that have to be performed upon little new babies. Grandmother said it had to be put on to prevent me from getting a large stomach or being RUPTED. And we are expected to wear the thing for a year or more. Some times mine stayed where it was placed, sometimes it was down too low and sometimes it was up in a wad under my chin. I did not like it. My doctor has told me since that it is worse than needless, that it does a great deal of harm, that

our stomachs should be loosely dressed so that the muscles may come into free play. He says that the babies who get RUPTED are the ones that are bandaged. We cry and as part of us is fastened up something has to give somewhere else. I tell you, dear grandmothers and nurses, do not bandage the new baby; it is wicked not to let him have free motion in his little BODOMEN. I have a lot of doctors on my side in this, too, and I am sure they know. It is just a fashion like the rest of the swaddling we usually get.

How He Should Have Been Dressed

My doctor says put a band on to hold some absorbent cotton in place over where the baby has been untied from his mother until the place heals up and then put nothing on. Try it on the advice of a four-year-

old ; we know what is best for us. Well, after that bandage was squeezing up my little insides, nurse put a tiny shirt, a linen shirt, starched, too, on my body. Where it came to at the neck there was some sort of fancy work, edging I think it is called, anyhow it edged up against my thin skin and chafed it. I did not like that garment either. Now they had gotten my BODOMEN fastened up so tightly I could not move it. There it is—I did not mean to say BODOMEN, doctor says it is abdomen, I'll try to remember in future. These big words are a bit hard to think of.

Well, anyhow, I was bandaged ; the next thing they put on me was a small blanket with a band that did not give ; this was pinned to me close up to my arms so that I could

not puff out my manly breast worth a cent. I wonder if nurses forget that we must breathe sometimes. But this blanket not only holds the chest tightly but the sides are put over our arms and the bottom is folded on our little legs and pinned. Why, I could not move! After this certain flannel waists were fastened to my small body. To these waists hung very long and clumsy skirts that were rich in fine needle work and curious patterns of silk. I think I should have admired them if they had not been so heavy to my poor legs. I once heard a baby who knew about things say that our mothers put these long skirts on us in order to show off the fancy work and finery on them. Anyhow I for one do not like them—I like to kick. After several of

these waists and skirts were fastened to me, a pair of socks were fitted to my feet, a great shawl was pinned around me, and I was "dressed."

He Could not Kick

What a helpless little thing I was. I could hardly breathe. I could not kick, my arms were so fastened that I could not move them, I ached and tingled all over. I think I cried and I heard old grandma say something about the colic and she put some bitter stuff in my mouth called catnip tea. All the time, I was crying just because I wanted to freely use the legs and arms I had but just found out that I owned. When will mothers and nurses begin to understand babies?

Why must we, because we are helpless, be thus at first maltreated? I have since been told that once upon a time a good doctor dressed a

new baby and being rather disgusted with all the awkward and needless swaddling, thought out a better plan of dressing the baby so he can kick and throw his arms about and breathe with some comfort.

An Ideal Baby Suit

MY doctor knows that good doctor who invented the nice baby clothes and he says he will not care if I quote from his little book of directions:

"The under garment should be made of nice fleecy goods—canton flannel is the best we have at present, cut princess, reaching from the neck to ten inches (twenty-five inches long) below the feet, with sleeves to the wrists, and having all the seams smooth and the hems at neck, wrist and bottom upon the outside

—the latter turned over once and felled or cat-stitched with colored worsted—a tie and one button behind.

"Here you have a complete fleece-lined garment, comfortable and healthy; and one that can be washed without shrinking. The next garment is made of baby flannel (woolen), also cut princess, same pattern only one-half inch larger, reaching from the neck to twelve or fourteen inches below the feet—to cover the other—with generous armholes pinked or scalloped, but not bound, and with two buttons behind at the neck, and may be embroidered at pleasure. The dress cut princess to match the other garments is preferable.

"The ordinary baby dresses are all right except that I would have

them only from thirty inches to a yard in length.

"Now these three garments are put together before dressing—sleeve within sleeve—and then are put over the little one's head at once and buttoned behind and the baby is dressed, there being but one pin—a diaper pin—in baby's dress instead of FIFTEEN.

"No shoulder blanket should be used, because it is sometimes over the head, sometimes about the shoulders and neck and sometimes off entirely, and these changes are exposures. Accustom the little one from the first to go without it.

"At night the dress should be simply a canton flannel night dress and a diaper—the dress being not unlike the under garment in the suit, only a little longer. It is ab-

surd to think that a child can rest sweetly in a diaper, a bandage, a pinning blanket, a skirt and a double gown, as many a child is expected to do. A good rule is to dress the little ones as you would love to be dressed if you were a babe. There is nothing wonderful about this simple dress. The only wonder is that we have dressed our little ones so badly so long."

The doctor has patterns of this nice dress and he calls them the Gertrude Baby Patterns, because he invented them for his little Gertrude, when she was a tiny tot of a girl. Anyhow, I wish my nurse-auntie had known about them for me when I made my first bow to her.

He Wants Fresh Air

And we babies do love to kick, we want fresh air to breathe, we

want our bodies free so that we can breathe it, we want to throw our arms about, else how can we grow, and wax strong, and become future presidents ?

That Catnip Tea

The taste of that catnip tea is in my mouth yet ! That stuff that they gave me when I was trying to get myself loose and they said I had the colic. I was powerless, my hands were held, my mouth was forced open and in spite of my puny struggles I had to take the mess. And it did not put a stop to my crying ; I yelled just as loud as I could afterwards, I was real mad.

He Dreams of Heaven

But they laid me in the bed beside my mother, that soothed me. I thought I was back in heaven. For the next few days I had a very sweet and tender dream of mother-love and peace. I lay nestled close

in the warm and sheltering arms and slept and dreamed and drank of the pure delight of the mother food. I was a happy baby. Alas! it did not last.

Not for long did I lie by the side of my tender mother; I was taken from her and I never saw her again. All I remember of her is that placid dream. I tell you babies who have mothers do not know how babies without them feel.

Then my troubles began. I was taken into the arms of the old nurse; this time the light did not hurt my eyes and I greatly enjoyed looking about upon my new found world. Near me I saw a kindly man who seemed very much interested in me. It was MY doctor. We are chums now. I have a great amount of trust in him. He under-

stands my constitution.

I COULD no more have the God-given food, my mother's dower, and the doctor was called in to settle on some food that would agree with me.

Baby Foods

Right now, I must say a word about what I know of baby foods. Baby foods! How we poor helpless infants have to suffer when a new mess is tried upon our protesting stomachs! I know all about the slop cow's milk, the cod liver oil abominations, the chemical mixtures, the pre-digested delusions, the starvation starches, the various gruels of oatmeal and of bran, each with a noble name and promise and most of them devised to make somebody rich at the expense of the poor baby. I KNOW. I have been peptonized

and sterilized and disinfected, and have had practical discomfort from a number of patent foods.

Now there are a good many baby foods that are real nice and we babies like them ; there are others that we would not eat were we starving to death in the desert. And—when a baby will not eat a food that settles it. But I fancy we babies are just like grown-ups, what agrees with one baby does not with another, and our doctors and nurses have to try until the right food is found for each baby.

And because a food did not fit my situation I ought not to say that it it is of no value to some other baby,

We babies all know, I am sure, that the proper food for us is our ownty donty mama's milk. But I did not have a mother long. Ah me !

Next in delight to us is the sweetness of the milk of a nanny goat. If I cannot get that I like mooley cow's milk.

He Talks of Mooley Cows

To the baby who daily awakens to the pure air and the green fields and fragrances of the country, where the cows are standing in the pools or are meditating on the mysteries of green grass, or are lying in the shade with frisking calves about them; to this baby, to mention cow's milk recalls the taste of a food much like the mother's milk; means that the pure milk of the cow-mother will lie gently in the little stomach of the baby.

But I was a city baby. Ah! in the city, milk often means a curious liquid made up of curds, chalk, water, grease, and cheese. By the time the milk has been brought

from the cow through long miles in rumbling cars, rattled over rough city streets, churned by being jolted from house to house, after the handle of the milkman's cow has been busy, after the milk has been colored by the something that makes of skim milk the baleful counterfeit of real yellow Alderney, after the elements of butter have been half separated from their parent cells in the original fluid, then it is that the poor city baby shudders when this milk is forced into his little stomach, for it fills his life with misery.

Embalmed Milk

I have lately been told that there are certain wicked milkmen who have found out that if they put a drop or two of a new fangled chemical preparation (I've forgotten the name—it is a hard one—anyhow, it's the same sort of stuff that folks

use to embalm the bodies of dead people with) into the milk, it will prevent it from souring. But they say it pickles the stomach. I do not know if I ever got any of that sort, but I think I must have for I've had nearly every kind of bottle food. I think it is just shameful the way they impose upon us babies, and we so trusting and innocent.

City Milk

This city milk, I hate it, half cheese, bits of butter floating in it, water diluting aud decomposing it; such is the milk of the milkman by the time it reaches the puny city babies. No wonder they get thin and look like monkeys. Then the wise nurse waters it more, half the time it is boiled, then they put lime water in it to "sweeten it." Bah! how I do hate lime water! Fancy

putting bad milk in our sour stomachs to curdle and then dosing us with lime water to sweeten our insides. Fancy making a chemical factory of our tiny stomachs! Then we are expected to nurse this FOOD from a bottle and through a long, black and often dirty tube. In a little time our stomachs begin to hurt. I shall never forget my first experience with the cow's milk EDITED by the city milkman. Shortly after I had been fed upon it I woke one night and thought that a big dog was sitting directly on my stomach; the pain was terrible. I screamed, but I could not make that cruel dog move. I tried to kick, but I was helpless. A queer sort of a feeling came on me, I felt faint, I believe they thought I was dying, I cried, I gagged, I thought there

"A big dog was sitting on my stomach."

was a great lump in my throat choking me, and then a big chunk came into my mouth and I was glad to get rid of it. It was a hard lump of cheesecurd. My, my, what a relief when that dog got off my chest!

That was the last city milk they ever gave me. My doctor understands babies. I have great faith in my doctor. We are firm friends and would do almost anything for each other.

The Doctor Talks to the Nurse about Foods

I REMEMBER his small lecture on infant feeding. He talked something like this to the nurse: "Madam, when we find a food that will not sour on that child's stomach, and will not give it pain, a food that the little weak stomach can digest we shall have a healthy baby. BLESS his little nibs, he is a good

baby and does not mean to cry, but I am sure we should cry if we had such a hard lump in our stomachs.

"Now each baby's stomach is a law to itself. There is the right food for it somewhere and we must find it. It is not quantity but quality. A teaspoonful of food that will digest will do more good for baby than a quart that he only throws up. Milk he must not have, because his stomach is sour, he is an acid baby, and the milk will curdle, besides it has too much caseine or cheese in it, to be readily digested. We will try certain of the best of the baby foods, one after the other until we suit this little gentleman's taste and digestion."

I do not remember all the kinds they tried but they found one at last, a real nice food. I liked it, and other

babies with whom I have talked like it too. Some of the foods do not taste good. After I got to eating this food I forgot that I had any stomach.

How to Fix Cow's Milk for Babies

Another thing that doctor told us that I remember: "If you must use milk, cow's milk, so-called, make it as nearly as possible like the milk of the mother. Add water and sweeten, but do not use table or cane sugar; always use sugar of milk; never use table sugar in a new baby's food. Unless you are able to see through the city water do not use it; use melted ice, or boil the water, allow it to cool, then pour it from one dish into another holding the dishes a foot apart; that aerates the water. With this ice water or boiled water make barley water (use pearl barley) and instead of

using water to dilute the cow's milk, use about one-fifth of the diluted barley water, add a little sugar of milk and you have the best dilution of milk to be procured in the city. The barley water will at least break up the big curds and make the milk easier to digest. Sometimes I use the barley water to prepare the baby food. The beauty of the food is that the babies like it, and it seems to be the best for the tiny babies who are wrestling with the demons of inanition and marasmus. Barley water is of very great value in pulling tiny babies through the morass of starvation."

A Hint About the Hen's Egg

I remember that the doctor also gave a little talk on the value of the hen's egg to a baby. He said: "The white of a hen's egg, the albumen, is a most valuable food for the

baby. Sometimes a cowmilk-fed baby becomes sick of its food; then take the white of the egg, dilute it with sterilized water, cooled enough not to coagulate the albumen, sweeten with milk sugar, and give this to baby every two or three hours. In a day or two the milk may be resumed, diluted of course. A nice preparation is a teacup of milk, one teacup of water, a teaspoonful of wheat flour which has been made into paste, adding it to the milk. The milk and water are boiled. and the flour paste is added when at the boiling point. The milk is then cooled and given in small quantities at regular intervals, heated for refeeding. The egg albumen is splendid with cow's milk. Take the white of one egg, beat up in a glass, fill the glass half full

of cow's milk, and stir. This breaks up the coagulation of the curds of the milk. A baby with a weak stomach for milk digestion ought to have some white of egg in his food daily."

Stuffed Babies

I never could understand how some mothers can stuff their babies so much. Every time one baby that I know cries its mother says that the poor dear must be hungry and forces food into its mouth. That baby cries because he is so stuffed with milk and things that he can hardly breathe. I wish that mothers and nurses would learn that every time a baby cries it may not be from hunger. Folks feed us babies too much and too often anyhow.

Babies Love Cold Water

I've known a baby to cry for a drink of water. Dearly do I love a drink of cold water. I do not think that milk satisfies thirst. Es-

pecially did cold water taste good to me when I was getting my teeth. If mothers only knew that all little babies are better for a drink of cold water !

Roast Beef

There was one kind of food I used to be fond of. My nurse would take the blood from the dinner roast of beef and adding water to it would give it to me. It made me feel good, there was a satisfied sort of warmth in me, and I soon became sleepy after such a treat.

I like to hear my doctor talk ; he uses such nice big words, and his talk is sensible. I can see that he knows what he is talking about.

He says that there is five times more cheese in cow's milk than in mother's milk, and that the egg albumen added makes the milk easier of digestion.

My doctor says it will do no harm if I set down for the benefit of other babies the following proportions for preparing cow's milk:

BABY 3 to 14 DAYS 24 OUNCES

Milk	1½ oz.
Cream	2½ oz.
Water	20 oz.
Sugar of Milk	3 tablespoonfuls.

BABY 1 to 3 MONTHS 24 OUNCES

Milk	2 oz.
Cream	4 oz.
Water	18 oz.
Sugar of Milk	3 tablespoonfuls.

BABY 6 to 9 MONTHS 24 OUNCES

Milk	8 oz.
Cream	4 oz.
Water	12 oz.
Sugar of Milk	3 tablespoonfuls.

Life Was Uneventful

MY life after this for some months was uneventful. I ate and slept, and kicked and grew. I had a daily bath. By the way, I wish that when they bathe us they would not handle us so roughly, so splash us in the water and then fill our skins so full of fine starch. And I do wish that they would not keep us naked in a chilly room until we turn blue and get the snuffles. I wonder if folks really think that we babies do not reason and remember. Why I can remember almost everything that has happened during my life and I have had many important things to attend to, especially during the last year. But I must not be too chatty, because a baby friend of mine, who is older, and has seen more of the world than even I have, tells me that the fash-

ion now is not to go too deeply into things, but to just skim the surface; that folks are in too big a hurry with their automobubbles and bikes and fast trains to run after dollars, to pay much heed to one little baby unless he talks to the point. And I feel that my opinions regarding baby life are of value to others.

He Meets an Ugly Man

I MET a very ugly, horrid man once. He came up quite quickly and pushed his face against mine. Now I did not know him, had never seen him before, and of course I admit I was frightened, and of course I did scream, how could I help it? And yet I have the reputation of being both a good natured and a brave baby. But my little heart thumped with the shock I got for some time after that bad

man had frightened me.

If people would only understand that we babies like to get acquainted with our friends gradually. I dare say if that man had given me time to look at him and make his acquaintance in a gentlemanly manner I should have liked him. Now I do not wish to see him again, and if I do I am sure I shall cry. My dear doctor does not storm me in that fashion. He comes to me gently, speaks quietly, softly and respectfully to me, in fact treats me like a human being and not like a freak in a dime museum. I know all about dime museums, I've been in one. I've seen lots of things if I am little. A great many people seem to think that babies don't see and hear things, but we do; and people should be careful what they say and do before us.

Gentleness and Soft Words

ANOTHER thing we babies do not like is to have people yell at us. In the first place it is in very bad form, and again, it jars on the sensitive chords of being. Gentleness, soft words, smiles, will win the heart of any baby. There is a woman in the street back of where I live who has a lot of children and you just ought to hear her scold at them.

"Jen–nie–e–e–e, come here this minute, if you don't I'll cut your heart out!" "Now, you Pete, hurry up, come right along, be quick, I'm going to give you a good whaling!" Such is the music that keeps dropping. It is awful. Jennie and Pete do not seem to mind it much. I thought they must feel real bad to hear their own mother use such talk, and I asked Pete one day about

it. He said: "Oh, we don't mind what the old woman says, she's an old skit." I was sorry for Pete and Jennie and thought if my mother had lived I would not have called her an old woman. But then, my mother would not have yelled at me. Father kissed me one day and said: "Boy, you do not know yet what you have lost; you and I." He hugged me tight, and I think he was crying. I love my father.

The "Old Skit"

Since I have been most grown up he often talks to me and takes me about with him, and explains things to me. And he is gentle toward me and it makes me gentle. I do not think that Pete would be so rough if his mother and father were kinder to him. I am sorry for Pete; his folks are awful poor and I am afraid that the red-headed man on

Poor Pete

the corner gets the money for gin that ought to go to feed Pete and to buy him clothes. Pete says he don't care; he's going to drink gin too when he gets a little older. Poor Pete!

Baby Talk

WHEN I first began to talk there was a fashion that some of my lady admirers had, that I greatly disliked. One in particular would call me a "dood ittle dear" and say that I was the "very bestest ittle tootleums dat ever was." She talked in a sort of whine and did not pronounce her words properly. I am told that it is known as "baby-talk" and is supposed to be the only sort of talk that we can understand. I do not like it, nor did I ever know a baby who did. Just as though we can not under-

stand grown-up talk, even if we are little, and if we can make any sense out of "tootleums," surely we can of sensible and real words. Besides, how can we ever learn the grown-up talk if we do not hear it? The first words the baby hears stick fastest in his memory.

The Bogey Man

THERE is another woman who comes to our house who likes to tell us children stories about bogey men who jump ont of the dark and grab little children and carry them away and sometimes eat them. I heard her tell one story; it was awful! I was afraid to go to bed that night. My father just fixed that woman; he told her if she ever dared to tell his son any more stories about ghosts and boogie mans she should never come to see him

again. And my father then took me on his knee and he told me that it was not true, that there were no real boogies to hurt little men, and that if we were good there was nothing in the dark that could hurt us, that God could see in the dark and that He was looking out for us all the time—every minute of the time. And he said I must be a brave boy, and that nothing could ever hurt me so long as I did right. And I have not been afraid since. I think that fathers and mothers ought to splain such things to their little ones.

Now I Lay Me

How good my auntie-nurse is to me when she puts me to bed! She hears me say my "Lay me" and tucks me in and kisses me and sits by me until I go to sleep. Even if I have been naughty that night she does not scold me at bed time. It

is all sweetness and peace then. The next morning she talks to me about being a good boy and how sorry she is when I am bad, and I feel sorry too, and I make up my mind that I will never be naughty again. There is a baby next door, if he is not good all day, when they put him to bed his nurse scolds him and sometimes whips him.

He told me that he dreaded to go to bed, and that after he got scolded he laid awake and cried and thought that he had not been treated well, when he did not mean to be bad, and that he was sorry that his folks did not love him and wanted to whip him. And then he said that after a while he got so he did not care, because they whipped him and scolded him whether he was good or bad, and he said that he hated

the nurse and after a while he got to hating his father and mother because they allowed the nurse to abuse him, and did not care enough about him to see that he was treated good. We talked it over and we decided that you cannot lick goodness into any child. Treat us with courtesy and we will be as polite as dancing masters. If father and mother are rough baby will be rough. If father and mother are gentle baby will be gentle, too.

Rough Parents Rough Baby

THERE is a boy and a girl that I know; they are older than I am and they are so nice. Their father and mother never speak cross to them, alway say, "If you please," to them; treat them just as they treat grown up folks and the children are just as polite as grown

Gentlemen and Lady Babies

up folks and very careful not to hurt the feelings of their father and mother. I like to go there, it is so peaceful. We have splendid games, and when it is time for me to go home the mother says: "Now, my little man, you must say good bye, but you must be sure to come and see Willie some other day." And she gives me a big home-made cookie to eat, one with caraway seeds in it, and I am happy all the way home. I love that lady.

Damp Rooms

I DO not think folks ought to put babies into very damp rooms at night. It often makes them sick. It gave me the croup one night. I never did like to sleep in a cold, damp room. It always made me shiver. Aunty-nurse put me in that damp room and I awoke in the

Beauties of Croup

night and my throat felt sore, and when I coughed to get the sore spot away, it sounded for all the world like my Fido barking. I was sick for several days and was goose-greased and dosed until I was tired of it. If only they had made a little fire in my sleeping room just to take off the chill, all this might have been prevented. I could have told them that I liked to be warm. As a baby who knows what he is talking about, I say, that a little baby ought not to be kept in a chilly and often damp room. It is pretty sure to give him the croup. It may give him the colic. How well I remember the first time I had colic! My nurse had me out in the coach and it was late when we got in; the evening had been chilly and my hands got quite cold; then I was put to bed in that

"Teething—I never shall forget that."

cold room. In the night I awoke with a feeling in my little inside as though a number of snakes were squirming about each other. I had my hands outside the covers and they became cold and this caused the pain. It is well known in babyland that if our hands get cold we babies will have the colic.

He Cuts Teeth

TEETHING! I never shall forget that. I was cross. I frankly admit it. I cried. I roared. I would not be comforted. Auntie walked the floor night after night with me in her arms and I yelled. It is not so very long ago but that I can recall how my mouth felt. Burning throbbing, stitching, tingling, swollen. It hurt me to eat, it hurt to open my mouth. My tongue hurt

me, my ears ached, my eyes hurt and my head throbbed. I felt cross. I was cross.

And now as I look back on those distant days and nights I am sorry that I was so fretty, yet I really think that I made no more fuss than father did when he had the toothache; he said some awful wicked words, anyhow. We cannot say naughty words—haven't learned them—and so if we relieve our pent up feelings in the only way possible—crying—I am sure we deserve to be treated with a great deal of patience. We hold in just as long as we can. It's no fun to cut teeth.

He Is Sorry He Cried

I'VE got an elder brother who greatly tries my temper. He is big and loves to tease me and to make me cry; he pokes his

big fingers in my ribs, and he lifts me too roughly and hurts my arms. Babies should never be lifted off their feet by their arms, it makes one feel as though the arms were being pulled out by the roots. I know, I've felt it. And when they take us out for a walk our little hand is reached way up to the hand of the nurse and we try to keep up with her. We trot, run, are often dragged along; the nurse does not realize that our legs are not so long as they will be when we grow up. If you want to know how it feels to a three-year old baby to go for a walk with a grown up nurse just get a giant to take you by the hand and walk away as fast as he can, all the time with your hand in his own. See how nice it is to hold up your arms in the air and try to run. Yet

His Brother Makes Him Cross

Takes a Walk with a Giant

that is what they make us babies do, and hurry us up, and lift us over the gutters by one arm. I think it would jar the feelings of a grown up man.

Bacrobes not Good to Eat

DO you know, I've often noticed that babies like to put everything they get hold of into their mouths. I used to do it when I was little. Mothers ought not to allow their babies to put dirty things into their mouths; old keys and dirty pocket books and old rags off the floor; they're liable to get Bac—let me see, I think it is Bacrobes—into their mouths and, when you get Bacrobes in you I tell you it's serious. Of course we must have rattles on which to bite. I have got a nice rattle, it is made of black rubber; how I love to shake it and hear

the tinkle tankles inside! When I was small I used often to sit and pound it on the floor and coo and laugh to see it spring up as if alive. Of course now I am too big for such things. It is nice for small babies though. I am surprised at the things that some mothers give their children to play with. I know a baby whose mother gave him the butcher knife to play with; if that child wanted anything he would set up a bellow and he got it at once. "Here," his mother would say, "let the little darling have what he wants, then maybe he'll stop hollering." So he got the butcher knife. Before he learned to use it he nearly killed five of his brothers and sisters, and his poor old grandmother. I never approved of that butcher knife. I told them harm would come

Playing with a Butcher Knife

the air was soft, I'd just coo because my little heart was full of comfort. Of course now I go out with my wheelbarrow. I can wheel quite a big load, too. When I grow up I'm going to have a horse and a wheelbarrow with four wheels and make the horse pull me about.

I'm Going to Have a Horse

Goes Out in His Coach

WHEN I was littler, auntie used to take me out in my coach. I had a fine one, all wicker and with ribbons on it and a cover that went up and down, and was of soft silk and lace. You bet I was proud when they wheeled me out in that! And they did not wheel me backward either. And when they took me out in the sunshine they put the top up so as to shade my eyes from the glare. Some folks put a baby in a coach without a top

and then wheel the baby out for an airing when the sun is just blazing. Think of it! The baby lying helpless on his back in that coach with the sun directly in his eyes! I know how it feels; I had it happen to me once through the carelessness of a nurse girl. You can be sure she did not stay at our house long after auntie found it out. I just wish that folks who put a baby in a coach with no top, strap him in so that he can hardly move himself, and then take him out in the dazzle and heat of the red hot sun in summer, knew what an awful trial it is for the baby.

Gets the Sun in His Eyes

Almost always my coach cover was put up and I was wheeled on the shady side of the street, but one day a mean old nurse girl put me in the coach, tied me up like a bundle of rags, left the cover of the coach

down, and took to wheeling me up and down on the sunny side of the road, with a man talking to her, and I, the most important baby in that town, being pushed about hither and thither in the heat. There I lay, and it seemed that spread out all above me was a great white glare of light and heat; my eyelids burned and smarted, and sharp darts ran into my head. When I shut my eyes it was a little better, but even then it did seem as though I was being roasted. I screamed, and the girl told ME to "shut up." The impudence of her! But I just did NOT shut up—I couldn't. It made no difference to my nurse, she was too busy making love to pay much attention to me. So the parade went on for a time. It was awful! Well, that night my eyes began to water.

I could not see good and the darts kept shooting into my head and I kept on crying. It was my only way to tell people that I was in pain. They called the doctor. MY DEAR, GOOD DOCTOR. "What a shame," he said. "My nice baby has got the Conjunc"—there was more to that name but that is all that I can remember of it. "Dismiss that nurse at once, this must not happen again, the child might readily lose its bright little eyes from such treatment and be compelled to go through the world in the dark. "There is very great danger of the child becoming blind. No baby should ever be exposed to the glare of the sun, lying in a coach. He has no means of sheltering his eyes, he must lie there and let the sun blind him. A woman who knows

He Gets the Conjunc

no better than to take a baby out in the sunshine without thorough protection for the eyes and head has no business to have the care of the baby, and if when she is told of the sinfulness of it, she persists in doing it, she ought to be shut up in a room with a red hot furnace with the door open, and to be made to look in at the molten flicker of that white heat. Then she would know something of what a baby suffers looking up at the sunshine."

I tell you, but I was a sick baby for a good many days; my eyes bulged out, big lumps of dirty stuff ran out of them, the hot water ran down my cheeks, I hardly could see auntie. And how my poor eyes did smart. But the doctor got the better of my Conjunc, he soothed my eyelids with warm water, and

he gave me medicine and after a while I got well. But they kept great glass things on my eyes for some time, and many a time I heard the cry in our house: "Look out for baby's eyes."

He Does not Like to be Tossed Up and Down

WHEN I was very little, a lady who came to see auntie used to toss me up in the air and let me come down into her arms with a jerk. That is a thing that is bad for us, it jars us through and through, and is not good for our digestions. I wish to warn nurses against doing it.

Babies, especially little new babies do not want to be dandled, and tossed up and down, and jolted; they want to be let alone. And we do not like to be rocked so much, it often makes us dizzy. The nurse

tosses us or rocks us until we get swimmy and we shut our eyes because things look so queer to us. When I was two years old my father used to play with me and throw me up and catch me, I used to like it then but I was so worked up that I had hard work to go to sleep and used to get cross, and sometimes I would cry. I think if my father had taken me in his arm and told me that story about the great big bear, and the small bear, and the little wee bear, and had sung to me that Hush-a-bye on the tree top, that I like so much, I should have slept better.

Big Bear and Little Bear

Another thing, I feel much better natured when I can sleep about half the time. We little things need lots of sleep. But it is better for us to sleep alone. I think that from the very beginning a baby

Wants Lots of Sleep

ought to have his own bed and his nice mattress, right beside his mother's bed.

Don't Like Kisses

ANOTHER thing that I do not like is that a lot of folks always want to kiss me when we meet. Now there are some kisses that I dearly love, there are others I can do without. I love to have a nice motherly lady, who has babies of her own, hold me to her and kiss me for I know she means it and that she loves me because I remind her of her own babies. But I never did like men to kiss me; their breaths do not taste good, and besides I am told they are full of Bacrobes. I know a baby that got a very sore mouth from a man kissing her on the lips.

No sir, the baby's lips should be

as much respected as those of the young and blushing maiden, who of course never heard of such things as kisses. No stranger should ever be allowed to kiss a baby. It is a senseless habit, the baby does not like it, and it is not good for the baby's health. If women feel better to be pecking at each other, why let them, but I as one rather exclusive boy, say, that I do not want them all pecking at me. If I must be kissed let it be upon the cheek, never on the mouth. I have spoken. I may add that I know other children who think as I do on this subject.

A Theatre Scare

I SAW a little girl, littler than I am, at the theatre the other afternoon and she was just staring at the stage and her eyes were

as big as saucers; she looked scared. I bet she did not sleep that night. It used to frighten me, but I am brave now and I like to see the folks all dressed up walk about and shout at each other. But I do not believe it is good for little babies nor for nervous ones. And I never could see why they wanted to drag me to church when I was nothing but a mite. I did not know what it was all about; the man up in the box always wanted to do all the talking; I could not even coo, and we must coo sometimes when we feel good; it is our nature. And just when I'd get fixed for a nap they would waken me and take me out in the chilly air. I used to wish they'd leave me home in quietness and peace. Excitement is not good for us. Why, I knew a little girl,

Excitement Bad for Babies

she was two years old and they took her to see a great parade and kept her out all day and the crowd was awful big, and she got all worked up and excited and tired and that night after she got home she had a fit and she died. I think if she had been kept at home she would not have been sick.

An Elevator Fright

ONE day nurse-auntie took me to one of the big houses where folks go to buy everything. We went into a sort of a cage and the man turned a crank and we went up, and up, and I did not like it much. After a while we got into the cage again to come down. I WAS scared. I thought the bottom was falling out of everything and I was sinking. The next time they tried to take me in the cage I hung

back and I cried. I was afraid. I remembered that the night after I went in one I was falling through the bed every few minutes all night long.

Girl with the Blue Knees

WHILE I was out the other day taking a walk, I saw a real nice little girl and her stockings only came up half way to her knees. Her knees were all bare, and it was a cold day, too. They looked real blue. And she was dressed good. I asked nurse about it and she said it was a FAD. I do not quite know what she meant, but I am sure that it is better for us to have on long stockings to keep our knees and legs warm. I am glad my nurse has not got a FAD; it must be a very bad thing to have.

The Baby's Story

Rotten Fruit, Cheap Candy

IF I was grown up I would not allow dirty men to sell children rotten bananas and nasty candy. You see we get a penny and we want to spend it and we run out and buy the thing that looks as though it would taste good. And right next door to the big houses where little children go to learn to read and cipher there is always a candy place, where they sell us chunks of nasty candy, not a bit like the kind I get at home. I shall not soon forget that time when I ate a snowball; it was a round lump of hard snow and it was colored pink. It tasted pretty good, but it made my mouth sore. I had to call on my doctor and this is what he said about candy and snowballs and bananas and other things. Right? of course he was right, my doctor is always right.

He knows EVERYTHING:

"It has always seemed astonishing to me that there is no protection to the stomachs of our children in the matter of candy and fruit. The child is given a penny and at once starts off to buy something to eat with it. He rushes to the little candy store, where candy costing not more than eight or ten cents per pound is retailed. Or he finds some old man or woman on the corner with a basket filled with dirty, cheap candy, cakes or other vile preparations for the poor little stomach. Or the vendor of bananas, the refuse of the cargo, black as a hat, and half decomposed, gets the child's penny, and the child's stomach is poisoned by the rotten fruit, that really should have been dumped as refuse. It has always seemed strange

to me that while so much attention is paid to hygienic cookery, good food, and to the health laws that tend to make men hearty, while there are penalties for adulteration of milk, for the bogus butter maker, for the meat pickler, yet the child, the darling of the home, the sunshine of the mother's heart, without whose prattle the home would indeed be vacant, the child is allowed to buy anything. There are no restrictions put upon the apple woman, the banana man, or the cheap candy dame. Of course the child can have candy and fruit, but let us at least compel our natives of sunny Italy, or our basket merchants, or our candy ladies to sell clean, pure fruits and confections to the children, and let the penalties be most severe for any infraction of this law."

"Now this snowball industry. It is not possible to color balls of grated ice with real fruit flavors and to sell them for a penny apiece. Real fruit extracts are too expensive. But there is the analine dye, brilliant in color and as varied as a rainbow, and that is exactly what is used to make the so-called fruit extracts that are sold to the compounders of the vicious snowball.

Analine Snowballs

"Many and many a child I have seen whose mouth has been made very sore by eating snowballs colored in this manner. There may be innocent snowballs, but I have never seen them. And if it makes the mouth so sore just fancy what it must do to the little insides. And there is no law to prevent any one from manufacturing and selling

these vile compounds to our children. It is an outrage and a disgrace to the age of the trolley car, the wireless telegraph, the 'phone, and the electric light. For heaven's sake, let us protect our children."

When my doctor gets to talking about children he does not know when to stop. He is right and I like to listen to him. And you bet I know how that snowball made my mouth feel. It burned and smarted and watered, and my stomach burned too. I wanted to be drinking all the time. I shall never eat another snowball. And I am not going to buy any black bananas, nor nasty candy, that my doctor says is made of white dirt and plaster of Paris, nor any more cheap chocolates that are made of grease colored with chocolate. The doctor

has told our folks to make me some molasses candy, and some simple sugar candy at home and give that to me. It is much nicer than what I used to buy and it does not upset me. Why any mother can get a book of receipts for home candy making, and she can make it for her boy, make it with her clean hands, and her boy will like it and will be more in love with his mother than before. I remember my sore mouth and so I feel that I must say this to the mothers and nurses.

Home-Made Candy

Now if the mother would only make some clean honest candy for her child and give it that, how much better it would be for its stomach.

ANOTHER thing the doctor said, musingly: "I've known children to swallow pennies. And

Swallowing Pennies

not one mother in ten knows what ought to be done in such untoward happenings. Usually the poor frightened baby gets a dose of castor oil—the worst thing possible. For the oil goes, the penny stays. Give the child some HASTY PUDDING* made of Indian meal. Look for the penny in about forty-eight hours. But a baby ought not to eat pennies.

What Babies Need

I KNOW a nice little girl whose mother gives her lots of fresh air, regular food, lets her alone, does not jolt her and trot her up and down on her knees as though she was trying to make butter of her, and gives her a bath every day. Before the bath, she moves her arms gently about in different positions, then she moves her legs

* See Appendix.

in the positions that will develop the muscles, then the bath, and then she gently pats her little body all over. She is a healthy girl, and she does not know what it is to be cross. Her mother says she has never been sick. In making her body good her mother has also made her little daughter's mind and disposition good.

But then, all us babies would be good, good all the time if folks only knew how to treat us. It is not our fault if we grow up crotchety and with our tempers twisted, the treatment some of us get is enough to twist anybody's temper. Sunny mothers—sunny children. Cross mothers—cross children.

Study the Babies

IF folks would only study the systems of their babies and try to understand them we should all live. We want to live. And just this is the way to make us live. The right food, not too much nor too often, lots of sleep, no excitement, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, do not frighten us, clothe us warmly but make our clothes loose so we can kick. Bathe us in tepid water, and rub our little legs and arms gently. And always be gentle with us.

DEAR, dear, there are so many things that I should like to talk about, but the good man who is going to make this book for me tells me I must not be too pro—pro— I know the word—I know lots of big words—ah! prolix, that's it.

In my rambles in the regions of the baby world I have seen a good many queer things used by mothers and nurses to make babies stop crying. There is one that every well-to-do baby is supposed to own, and it is called the "baby husher," but the commonest name is "the pacifier." It is a rubber nursing nipple stuck on a little handle with a round piece of ivory behind the nipple so that the baby will not swallow it. Very many mothers use it; it is about as usual to see a baby without a pacifier, as one with no baby coach. It is very fashionable. When the baby cries the fond mother puts this nipple into its mouth; the crying stops, and I reckon the baby thinks he has got hold of a real nipple. My nurse never allowed me to have one of these foolish things, so I can-

Do not Use Pacifiers

not speak from experience about them, but a baby once told me, who had almost lived with one in his little mouth, that while he sucked on the thing from force of habit, yet he did not half like it. The nipple got up to the roof of the mouth and tickled it, and made him want to throw up. It made his mouth feel sore and water too much. Besides, no matter where the pacifier had been lying beside the baby, so soon as he opened his mouth to cry, or to coo even, this device, dirt and all, was stuck in his lips. Said my baby friend to me: "I wonder why my mama does not wipe the pacifier before she lets me have it? there are some kinds of dirt I get that do not taste good." Now I've watched the mothers, mostly the young and foolish ones, and the pacifier is never

What's a Little Dirt?

wiped. What's a little dirt? It doesn't matter. My friend, the doctor, tells me, however, that there is a serious trouble that often follows the use of this senseless rubber teat. It makes the baby have a nasty swelling way up in the nose that has to be cut out, and it makes the throat swell inside too.

The Doctor says: "It is too bad. There was some reason in the sugar teats used by our grandmothers, for the baby got some sweet flavor from them. But why the modern fashion of putting a rubber nipple into a baby's mouth as soon as it is born?

Rubber Nipples Unhealthy

"It is a positive ill to allow a rubber nipple to remain in the mouth of a child. These nipples are so long as to fill the child's mouth nearly to the back of the tongue, and the constant tickling of the up-

per part of the mouth, the palate, tends to produce nausea, and the food is much less easily retained. Then, the rubber in constant contact with the delicate mucous membrane of baby's mouth, tends to irritate it and often makes it sore. It is said that there is a certain proportion of mercury used in the preparation of the rubber for nipples, and this is by no means good for the baby. I know from a large experience with babies that the baby who always has a pacifier in its mouth, with its handle and its disk of ivory protruding, is the weak baby when it gets sick; it does not endure so much; its powers of resistance are less; its bowels are more easily out of order, and its stomach is not so strong as is that of the child who is permitted, after

the sweet rites of nursing, to close its lips in the fashion nature intended." And, continued the doctor: "The use of these pacifiers will very often produce *adenoids* and enlargement of the tonsils. With the mouth open and sucking air, the back part of the throat is irritated and congested, and in time produces that swelling of the membranes in the nose known as adenoids. And what is the sense of their use, these hushers, anyhow? If the baby cries, find out what makes him cry and soothe him in other ways—natural methods."

Pacifiers Make Adenoids

I've been thinking, while the doctor was talking, that maybe the reason they put these pacifiers in the mouths of the babies is to act as corks. They stuff the kid until it cannot breathe, then cork it up,

and then, if after that it still cries, they give it soothing syrup.

Soothing Syrups

I've just got to talk a bit about soothing syrups. Thank goodness, I never had much personal experience with them, but I have heard of a lot of cases where they have been used; and a great many times their use has *killed* the baby.

They are sold under a lot of different names—pretty names to attract the fond and doting mother—and these good samaritans, who permit the dear public to profit by their kindliness of heart, do not wait for the parents to send to the drug store for the baby soothers—they study the birth reports, and where they find there is a new baby, they send samples of these seductive dopes to lull the roaring infant to precarious slumber. These soothers are lab-

eled with real nice names—names that attract the young mother; she does not like to hear the new baby darling cry; she reads the advertisement and the labels, and trusts to this article the welfare and life of her baby.

My doctor says: "But it is a matter of court record that death has resulted from the use of many of these sleep producers. The trouble is that the soothing quality in most of these syrups is composed of morphine. Anybody who is willing to put up and sell any sort of stuff containing enough morphine or any other poison to become easily lethal in the hands of a father, or mother, or nurse, ought to be divided from his medicine business. But when the clerks of the Health Bureaus are invited to send lists of births to these baby-syrup makers for a considera-

Morphine in Baby Soothers

tion, and the charitable *friends of humanity* send samples by mail to the houses of the new babies, or even have them thrown promiscuously in at the doors of a community, is it not about time to stop this death-dealing graft?

"Think of giving at random to the new baby, the king of the household, a concoction left at the door by an unknown peddler of patent medicines! Blindly try on baby a preparation whose effects are unknown. Truly Mr. Barnum underrated the credulity of the people.

"The strange part of this baby soothement is that the average father and mother think when the child is crying, that if only something can be given to stop the noise and make the baby sleep, the cure is complete. The fact is, that no baby cries with-

out reason; crying is nature's signal bell that there is trouble going on, and the last thing that should be done is to muffle that bell. Find out what makes the baby cry and remove the cause. Pray do not dope the poor child with any preparation put up for money by unscrupulous people, no matter under what name or promises."

Crying Nature's Signal Bell

You bet, my doctor is right about this thing; why I, myself, had a little playmate that never woke up after taking a few drops of one of these baby soothers. I, a real bright and thoughtful baby, having the interests of my fellow-babies deeply at heart, say to the mothers and fathers: If your baby cries, let your doctor look after it. *Do not give on your own responsibility any of the soothing syrups.*

MY dear nurse took me the other day to a fresh-air day hospital on one of our river piers. I tell you it was very soothing. I saw there lots of poor little babies who looked half baked with the heat of the alleyways where they have to live. It is good that some great-hearted folks are willing to provide places where these unfortunate babies can get the fresh river air and a quiet not to be found at home. When I grow up I'm going to help in every way I am able to make babies comfortable. I remember when I was a baby.

Fresh Air Hospital

Speaking of fresh-air hospitals, I must say a word about the "Modified Milk Society" of our city. My doctor tells me it was started a few years ago to furnish pure milk to the poor at a cost that they would

Modified Milk

be able to pay. The milk is put up in three- and six-ounce bottles, and all the mother has to do is to put the nipple on the bottle and give it to the baby. This milk is prepared according to the age of the baby, and is sold for one cent a bottle. Think of it! For six cents the baby gets good food enough for a whole day. This noble charity has saved the lives of a great many babies, and the baby doctors are its friends.

I think there are eight stations in our city where mothers may go once a day and get a supply. And at each station there is a good kind nurse to give out the milk and to advise the mothers.

It is good stuff; I was fed on it at one time in my life. Of course, I eat table food now. I am almost grown up.

I have asked my doctor to make an Appendix to this book, with some tables that may help mothers in feeding their babies.

Tiny Tim Refuge

I HEARD an odd thing the other day about crippled and paralyzed babies. It seems that they can be made to recover the use of their little arms and legs by the aid of music. In the "Tiny Tim Refuge" of London, devoted to the care of crippled children, twice a day the patients listen to concerts on the piano, violins, and harp. And one of the physicians noticed an improvement in the motion of the legs of several who had infantile paralysis. When they heard the music, they tried to keep time with their feet. So the doctors began to experiment. One boy with a with-

ered and useless hand was given a drum. They moved his arm for him for a time, but in six months he could use it well himself. Music is doing lots of good to helpless babies in the Tiny Tim Home. Some day when I grow up I'm going to see that place.

THERE are many things more I would like to say but I am not allowed. I am most grown up. I am over four years old, You can see my picture in the front of the book. I do not always play. I often think deeply. Life is beginning to look very serious and as I gaze back on the many trials of my life I must write this so that mothers, too, may better realize what their babies think and how they feel. To all mothers and

nurses I say, that every word I have told you is true. When you look at baby remember that baby thinks, and understands although politeness may prevent him from saying much.

I Kiss my Hand to You

If mothers will follow my hints about babyhood I shall be happy and feel that I have done my duty by my fellow babies.

I will now respectfully kiss my hand to all the mothers of all the other babies.

"I'm all right."

MFOU

APPENDIX

FORMULÆ OF THE PHILADELPHIA MODIFIED MILK SOCIETY.

No. 1. Children Three Months to Six Months.—Drawn in six-ounce bottles. Formula by R. G. Freeman: Milk-sugar, 12 ounces; milk, 1 gallon; lime-water, ½ pint; filtered boiled water added up to 1 gallon. After being thoroughly mixed it is drawn into six-ounce bottles and Pasteurized. Contains 2 per cent. fats, 7 per cent. sugar, 2 per cent. proteids. Feed every two hours.

No. 2. For Children Six Months Old and Over.—Drawn in six-ounce bottles. Formula by Dr. A. Jacobi: 1 gallon milk; barley water, 1 gallon; 8 ounces granulated sugar; ⅛ ounce table-salt. Contains 2 per cent. fats, 6 per cent. sugar, 2 per cent. proteids. Feed every three hours.

Appendix

No. 3. Newly Born Infants and Sick Children.—Drawn in three-ounce bottles. Formula by R. G. Freeman: Milk, 1 quart; lime-water, 8 ounces; 2¾ quarts filtered boiled water; 4½ ounces sugar of milk. Contains 1 per cent. fats, 6 per cent. sugar, 1 per cent. proteids. Feed every two hours.

No. 4. For Well Children from Five Weeks to Three Months Old.—Drawn in three-ounce bottles. Formula by Dr. R. G. Freeman: 30 per cent. cream, 5 ounces; milk, 27 ounces; lime-water, 8 ounces; 2¾ quarts filtered, boiled water; 6½ ounces milk-sugar. Contains 3 per cent. fats, 6 per cent. sugar, 1 per cent. proteids. Feed every two and one-half hours.

TO MAKE BARLEY WATER.

Fill Keystone heater half full of water and half full of barley flour; stir thoroughly to prevent lumping. Use 1½ ounces of barley flour to 1 gallon of water, boiling down to one-half the original amount.

Appendix

TO MAKE LIME-WATER.

Take a piece of lime (about 1 pound) and add about 4 quarts of water. Stir this at frequent intervals. Allow sediment to form. Pour off the top water. Stir and pour off again. Add about 30 quarts of water. Stir thoroughly. Allow it to settle before using.

PASTEURIZED MILK LABORATORIES. NEW YORK.

Formula by Dr. A. R. Green. For First to Fourth Week.—¾ ounce 16 per cent. cream; 3 ounces full milk; 19 ounces water; 1¼ ounces lime-water; 1½ ounces milk-sugar. This fills eight three-ounce bottles. Feed every two and one-half hours.

Formula by R. G. Freeman. From First to Third Month.—1½ ounces 16 per cent. cream; 3 ounces full milk; 13 ounces water; ½ ounce lime-water; 1 ounce milk-sugar. Fills six three-ounce bottles. Feed every three hours.

Formula by R. G. Freeman. From Second to Sixth Month.—18 ounces full milk;

16½ ounces water; 1½ ounces lime-water; 1½ ounces milk-sugar. Fills six six-ounce bottles. Feed every three hours.

Formula by A. Jacobi. From Third to Seventh Month.—18 ounces full milk; 18 ounces barley water; 1 ounce cane-sugar; 20 grains table-salt (less than ½ teaspoonful). Fills six six-ounce bottles. Feed every three hours.

Formula. From Seventh to Ninth Month.—22½ ounces full milk; 7½ ounces oat- or barley-water; 1½ ounces cane-sugar; 30 grains table-salt (about ¼ teaspoonful). Fills five six-ounce bottles. Feed every three and one-half hours.

After Ninth Month.—Full Pasteurized milk, 8 ounces every four hours.

TO MAKE ONE QUART OF OAT OR BARLEY WATER.

Boil two tablespoonfuls of the flour in a quart of water until it is reduced to half the quantity, and then add sufficient water to make up the quart.

Appendix

FORMULÆ BY DR. ROBERT W. HASTINGS, BOSTON FLOATING HOSPITAL.

BARLEY WATER.—Add two teaspoonfuls of Robinson's barley to a pint of water. Boil fifteen minutes. Add water until it is a pint again. Strain through cheese-cloth. What goes through is barley water.

OATMEAL WATER.—Oatmeal water is made the same as barley water, only use one tablespoonful of coarse oatmeal instead of the "two teaspoonfuls of Robinson's barley."

BEEF JUICE.—Take one pound of lean meat, cut it into dice, and put into a Mason jar with one teaspoonful of salt. Close the jar tightly and place in a water-bath in which the water is as hot as your hand can bear. Keep it there for one-half hour, on the back of the stove. Do not allow it to get above this temperature. Remove from the jar and express the juice with a lemon-squeezer or meat-press. Put the juice into a bottle and keep it on ice until ready for use.

Appendix

ALBUMEN WATER.—Take the white of one egg and stir carefully into one-half pint of pure water as warm as you can sip it. Salt it a little. Keep in a cool place.

WHEY.—To each pint of "skim milk," warmed to 100° F., add one teaspoonful of essence of pepsin diluted with an equal amount of water. Stir in gently but thoroughly. Do not stir again until it has curded. Break up the curd with a fork. Strain through a clean handkerchief. What goes through is whey. Heat again nearly to boiling-point and set in cold.

TABLE OF MEASURES.

The following table may prove useful, though a graduated measuring glass can be purchased for a few cents at any drug-store and is much more accurate.

Four teaspoonfuls = 1 tablespoonful.

Two tablespoonfuls = 1 ounce.

Eight ounces = 1 medium cupful or tumblerful.

Sixteen ounces = 1 pint.

Appendix

HASTY PUDDING. INDIAN MEAL MUSH.

Two tablespoonfuls Indian meal, make into thin batter with cold water. Heat one pint of water until it boils. Gently stir batter into boiling water. Stir, while cooking, for twenty minutes or longer. Salt to taste. If too thick, thin with cold water after it is cooked. A teaspoonful of molasses may be added to batter.

BEEF-TEA.

Cut with a sharp knife one pound lean beef into small cubes (do not grind it nor allow it to be pounded) about an inch large; to this pour a pint of boiling water. Let it simmer for ten minutes on stove. Strain and salt slightly.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

MAY 3 1912

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